"Out For Fame" lyrics

KRS-One Lyrics

"Out For Fame"

[train whistle]
Yo right here, right here
It's right through the fence, right through the fence
Jump! *[feet landing]*
Yeah.. right there, right there
That's the 2's and the 5's
[bag rustling]
Joe gimme that, the fat, the fat cap, fat cap
Yeah..
[train rolls in]
Aight
[shaking can up]
Aight, let's do it now, let's do it now
[spray paint]
Yeah.. yeah..
Nah gi-gimme the other cap, gimme the other one
Yeah right there
[more spray]
Front.. Page.. Entertainment.. Group
Yeah..

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x8]*
[first time, minus "I'm"]
Hah! Hahahaha
All graffiti artists hold tight, hooo!
All graffiti artists hold tight, word
Check check check it out y'all
Check check check check check it out y'all

[KRS-One]
I got twenty-five cans in my knapsack, crossin out the wick-wack
Puttin up my name with a fat cap
Suckers that want to be in my face I just slap that
Big respect to Artifacts, Fat Joey Crack and
Mack and, Bio, and Brim come again
with B.G. 183, recognize me
with the mad colors, I'm a fiend for spraypaint
Laugh if you wanna, I really care if you ain't
cause you don't me see, and I don't know you
But I do know Cope2, he be gettin walls too
It's the underground community of what we call writers
Worldwide burners, gettin hotter gettin brighter
Whattup Nicer, whattup Razor, whattup Chino
Masta Ase in the place, you know we know
my man Rican, my man Zorro, taught me how to draw
in the yards of the 5 train and the 4
So when I'm on tour I represent the hardcore

I'm taggin up your blackbook sure, I'm out for the fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x4]*
[first time, minus "I'm"]
Yeah, check it out check it out check it out one time
Hip-hop music in effect one time

[KRS-One]
When I was growin up, I had no butcher baker candlestick maker
I had rubbing alcohol and carbon paper
Yeah, carbon paper and a blackboard eraser
got me chased in the bus yards, with Rican and Nazer
Historically speakin, cause people be dissin
The first graffiti artists in the world were the Egyptians
Writing on the walls, mixing characters with letters
to tell the graphic story about their life, however
today we do the same thing, with how we rap and draw
We call it hardcore, they call it breakin the law
There used to be a time when rap music was illegal
The cops would come and break up every party when they see you
But now the rap music's making money for the corporate
It's acceptable to flaunt it, now everybody's on it
Graffiti isn't corporate so it gets no respect
Hasn't made a billion dollars for some corporation yet, so
in the name of Phase2, Stay High, Pre-streets
Grab your cans and hit the streets, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x6]*
Yeah, hip-hop culture in the house one time
All graffiti artists in the house one time
Yeah..
Biggin up the other side things here y'all
The visual, not your video (check it out)

[KRS-One]
I'm livin in the city, inner city not a farm
Steady bombin til I get fatigue in my arm
Watchin for the beast cause many artists they shot em
And beat em in the yards, while doin a top to bottom
So pass me a can, not of Old Gold
but full blue, sky blue, watch me unfold
with the cold burner, of names you mighta heard of
like Fab 5 Freddy, Sam Sever
Word to the wise, Futura 2000 recognize
Nation of creation, G Man come alive
Checkin out Revolt and Zephyr
My man Easy, and Rembrandt, Mitch 77
Oh no with the paint we can never dilly-dally
Big up and respect to Con Art in Cali
The Soul Artists, The Rebels, The Rascals, 3YB
United Artists, TAT and Dondi
Yes the other side of hip-hop is representin the visual
Toys we be DISSIN you, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x10]*
Hip-hop in the house one time
Video graf in the house one time
All graffiti artists in the house dig the rhyme
Put up your nine, put up your nine, yeah!

Fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-five
You SUCKERS!!!!

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